

Now is the time to have your straw hat cleaned.

For the sake of peace give the women the ballot!

Why jeer at the spring poet when we all feel the same way?

Soon will be warm enough for the open-window cornet player.

The milliners have solved the problem: What shall we do with our wastebaskets?

It must be much pleasanter to pilot a war balloon before hostilities begin than afterward.

Now the price of liberty is quoted at the market rate of a sufficient supply of Dreadnoughts.

London complains of a shortage of doctors. The diploma mills must be more exacting over there.

A wise man will enjoy every pleasant day to the fullest extent, for he never knows what is coming.

The taxicab is after all an automobile, and it does not hesitate to run over the innocent pedestrian.

An English pèrress has written a cookery book. Perhaps the reaction from the suffragette craze is coming.

The treasury department, it is said, is about to have new designs prepared for the nickel five-cent pieces and the more or less copper one-cent coins. If possible, the designs should be drawn so as not to resemble in any degree the designs on the new five-dollar gold pieces.

Each succeeding generation is better than the last. That is why we do not burn witches nor own slaves. And we do many things which our children's children will think criminal and silly. Our youngsters have every indication of living in a better time than we have seen.

If the Chicago police have captured the leader of the Black Hand in that city, they have done an excellent work. It is said that this man has given information concerning his fellows. He was arrested in the act of taking money from an Italian physician, who had been threatened by the gang.

A looker-on in Venice—Illinois, not Italy—might well be surprised that the recent spanking of three boys in that peaceful village should be so "laborately treated by the metropolitan press. Time was when this was an almost daily observance in every home in the land that boasted young barbarians at play. "The old order changeth."

A railroad posts in its suburban cars warnings against "disembarking from the cars in the terminal yards." This, as the Frenchman observed, is most well; but might it not be worth while to join with it an admonition to the careless suburbanite to cease disembarking on the port side of the trains at stations where the platform lies to starboard?

The coast artillery companies at Fort Washington, Md., claim the world's record in mortar firing, having hit a target moving at the rate of five miles an hour six times in ten shots at a distance of from 4,000 to 6,000 yards, and the ten shots were fired in less than 6 1/2 minutes. With marksmanship reduced to an exact science the leviathan battleships will have to be wary.

An American company is to be formed to capitalize an expedition to search in the ocean for the hidden treasures of Capt. Kidd. As a hider that piratical gentleman is still holding the record. He would be worth his weight in his own gold at this day, when other hidden treasures are being dragged to light by probes, investigations, and other forms of "trust-busting."

How culpably ignorant of the early history of our country the children are being kept is freshly illustrated by some examination papers filed at a recent college examination, in which it was stated that Gen. Grant and Admiral Farragut commanded in the British army and navy during the revolution. Apparently good work will be found for every post in detailing comrades to inspect the duties of the children in the schools.

The New York taxicabs having become established the inevitable result follows that their proprietors are feeling around for the highest charges that the traffic will bear. This is so usual as to create little surprise; but the public would like for once to see how it seems to encounter a public service novelty that is conducted on the effete notion of discovering the lowest prices that will yield bigger profits by multiplying the traffic.

Taxicabs have increased their rates in New York, but the old reliable crosstown horse cars still jolt along for a nickel.

Italy has got the Dreadnoughtitis, too! A bill has been introduced in the chamber of deputies calling for two 20,000-ton battleships. When they get two they will feel lonesome without four and with four it will be absolutely necessary to have six. And so the dreadful complaint continues to grow and fastens its insatiable money-sucking tentacles upon the nation.

"LES APACHES" OF PARIS

BY EDWARD W. PICKARD



ONE morning not long ago a well-dressed foreigner, evidently an American tourist, was found dead on the pavement in a side street of Paris. Twisted about his neck was a dirty handkerchief with which he had been strangled; he had been brutally kicked and beaten, and in his chest were several knife wounds, any one of which would have killed him. The unfortunate man had been stripped of all money, jewelry and other valuables.

"Les Apaches," said the police, stolidly. "He should have known better than to go prowling about alone at night." And in the police records another murder was put on the score of the thugs of the "gay capital."

Paris is not proud of her Apaches, and the rest of the world has known little of these criminal bands, though theater-goers in many American cities during the last season were given a glimpse of one phase of their life in the skillful but revolting "Apache dance" imported from the French music halls. Yet the story of the origin, development and deeds of these outlaw gangs is fascinating, if not edifying.

Nearly ten years ago there appeared suddenly in the underworld of Paris a young woman so beautiful and animated that she at once attracted general attention and admiration among its other denizens. Her head was crowned with a great mass of level reddish-gold hair, on account of which she was promptly nicknamed "Casque d'Or," or "Golden Helmet." Suitors quickly flocked about the girl and in time she selected from among them as her protector one Lecat, known among his comrades as a clever thief and a bold fighter whom the police would be glad to have behind the bars.

All went well for a time, until there came on the scene a more attractive scoundrel, named Manda. Pretty, fickle Golden Helmet promptly transferred her affections to the newcomer, and then the trouble began. Lecat, the forsaken, vowed vengeance on his successful rival and summoned his followers to his aid. Manda also had no lack of friends, and soon all the thugs in the district of the Halles or markets had ranged themselves on one side or the other. Many a bloody battle was fought in the streets between the two bands, cheered on by their female friends, and not a few men were slain in these conflicts. Finally in one of the fiercest of the encounters Lecat himself was killed, and Golden Helmet shouted aloud in joy. But her triumph was short-lived. Another leader for Lecat's band, known as "Le Manchot," sprang up and the feud was continued with increased fury. One night Le Manchot caught Manda off his guard and plunged a knife deep into his back, and for weeks the stricken leader lay in hospital near to death. He recovered at last and was being taken in an ambulance to a cell when the blood-thirsty Le Manchot, seeing his victim escaping from his vengeance, broke through the police guard, leaped into the vehicle and stabbed Manda to death. For this murder Le Manchot is now serving a life sentence.

Golden Helmet, made notorious by the succession of battles and crimes which her attractions had incited, now sought other conquests, and decided that the drama was her forte. Only the intervention of the police prevented her exploitation by an unscrupulous variety hall manager.

Golden Helmet then speedily sank out of sight, but the rivalry for her favor had lasting results. Always the Apaches have one "queen" whose rule over them is absolute if temporary. One of the most notorious of these was "Chiffonnette," who reigned last year. She was 23 years old, tall and graceful, and would have been a beauty

save for the loss of one eye and the presence of many scars, the results of her numerous boulevard battles. She was elaborately tattooed and was mighty proud of that adornment. Chiffonnette's career came to an untimely end last New Year's day, when she engaged in a desperate fight with another woman whom she hated. Cheered on by a crowd of her male and female subjects, the queen finally stabbed her antagonist to death with a stiletto, and now she is a prisoner in St. Lazare.

This year's queen of the Apaches is Pepe. She is only 18 years old and as pretty as a picture, but as fierce as a tigress and a fit leader for the wretches by whom she is adored.

The comparative immunity from arrest and punishment enjoyed by the Apaches is due to their really wonderful organization. They form a community by themselves, apart from all the rest of Paris, with their own laws, courts and executioners; their secret passwords, and almost their own language, for the argot they use is practically unintelligible to others. Merciless toward their victims, they are no less merciless in punishing those of their own number who are convicted of treachery.

A few years ago one Painblanc was accused of being in league with the police. He was formally brought to trial, the judge being a leader known as "l'Espagnol." The charge against Painblanc was not fully proved, but his loyalty was so doubtful that he was sentenced to exile. Rising from his chair in the obscure dive where the trial was being held, he hurled his knife at l'Espagnol with unerring accuracy, and the judge fell dead with the blade in his heart. The police rushed in and carried Painblanc to prison, the Apaches making no effort to save him.

Another alleged traitor was Albert Durin. He was condemned to death and two Apaches tied him to the rails of a tunnel of the Belt Line railway of Paris. He was found before a train passed and rescued. How many traitors have been executed by their comrades it is impossible to know, for only in such cases as the foregoing do the police learn about the operations of the "tribunals."

The Apache highwayman operates swiftly and skillfully, and lone strangers in the streets of Paris are never safe from his attacks. His favorite method, known as "le coup du Pere Francois," is to strangle his victim by twisting a handkerchief about his neck. After robbing the senseless man, the thug frequently will kill him with the knife, for the Apaches seem to delight in wanton murder done in what they choose to consider an "artistic" way. If the criminal is arrested, a score of his companions spring up apparently from the very pavement, and unless the police are in force they are speedily routed and the prisoner is rescued.

An observant visitor in Paris may see Apaches, male and female, on almost any street, but it is in the Place de la Roquette that they are to be found in crowds on occasion. There is set up

the recently restored guillotine, and whenever there is to be an execution the Apaches flock from all districts of the city to witness the ghastly sight. Silently they stand, gazing at the grim instrument of death, until the condemned individual is brought forth. Then jeers and howls break forth from the crowd, and as the knife falls the Apaches rush forward to dip their handkerchiefs in the blood. These they preserve as souvenirs, or sell them to the degenerates of the upper classes.

Strangely enough, the male Apaches nearly all look alike. They are hollow-cheeked, dark-haired, furtive-eyed, shambling of gait and sallow of complexion—always easily recognized among the throngs on the streets. The women on the other hand, as a rule, are handsome, spirited and intelligent. They dress well and give especial attention to the care of their hair, which they never cover with a hat. All of them, men and women, profess to follow some trade as a safeguard against the occasional raids of the police on their haunts.

Official Paris is somewhat dismayed by the rapidly growing menace of these Apache bands. The number of robberies and murders attributable to them is increasing monthly, and as the victims very often are travelers from foreign lands, the crimes are having an appreciable effect on tourist business.

"FLAG DAY."

My Mrs. Edward Dunroy-Reed.

The general observance of June 14 as "Flag Day" suggests the thought



that "Old Glory" was mature at its birth. But its infancy dates back to the earliest recorded American history.

At the time of the birth of "The Star Spangled Banner" tradition and verified history had marked some 800 years since the advent of the first European upon American soil. The Norseman and the Dane landed upon the northeastern shores of this continent several times between the years 986 and 1300, as is proven by their own records. In 1492 Columbus planted the flag of Spain on



First Flag to Float Over North American Soil. "Red Cross of St. George," the banner of Richard Coeur de Lion in 1192, and planted at Labrador by Sebastian Cabot in 1497 as the royal ensign of Henry VII.

the Island of San Salvador, one of the Bahamas, and again in 1498 at the mouth of the Orinoco in South America; but the first flag to float over the soil of the North American continent of which history tells was planted on the shore of Labrador in 1497 by Sebastian Cabot.

The first stage of evolution was marked two years before the settlement of Jamestown, when James I. of England, in honor of the union, placed the diagonal white cross of St. Andrew with the red cross of St. George, both upon a blue field. This is the first blending of the American national colors known to history. The red, white and blue is therefore as old as the country, as it appeared in the flags which floated over the Virginia settlement and was the flag of the Mayflower and of Plymouth.

To Enjoy

The full confidence of the Well-Informed of the World and the Commendation of the most eminent physicians it was essential that the component parts of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna should be known to and approved by them; therefore, the California Fig Syrup Co. publishes a full statement with every package. The perfect purity and uniformity of product, which they demand in a laxative remedy of an ethical character, are assured by the Company's original method of manufacture known to the Company only.

The figs of California are used in the production of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna to promote the pleasant taste, but the medicinal principles are obtained from plants known to act most beneficially.

To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

HOW CARELESS!



He—There was nearly a bad fire at the theater.

She—How was that?

He—The villain lit a cigarette and tossed the match into the snow!

TORE HIS SKIN OFF

In Shreds—Itching Was Intense—Sleep Was Often Impossible.

Cured by Cuticura in Three Weeks.

"At first an eruption of small pustules commenced on my hands. These spread later to other parts of my body, and the itching at times was intense, so much so that I literally tore the skin off in shreds in seeking relief. The awful itching interfered with my work considerably, and also kept me awake nights. I tried several doctors and used a number of different ointments and lotions but received practically no benefit. Finally I settled down to the use of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills, with the result that in a few days all itching had ceased and in about three weeks' time all traces of my eruption had disappeared. I have had no trouble of this kind since. H. A. Krutskoff, 5714 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., November 18 and 28, 1907." Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Succinct.

Justice O'Halloran—Have you any children, Mrs. Kelly?
Mrs. Kelly—I hav two living an' wan married!—Judy.

Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. Commended by Experienced Physicians. Conforms to Pure Food and Drug Laws. Murine Doesn't Smart; Soothes Eye Pain. Try Murine in Your Eyes. At Druggists.

A girl never likes to admit she was kissed unless she wasn't.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. You pay 10c for cigars not so good.

It's a safe rule to pass up two-thirds of human philosophy.

OPERATION HER ONLY CHANCE

Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Adrian, Ga.—"I suffered untold misery from a female weakness and disease, and I could not stand more than a minute at a time. My doctor said an operation was the only chance I had, and I dreaded it almost as much as death. One day I was reading how other women had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and decided to try it. Before I had taken one bottle I was better, and now I am completely cured."—LENA V. HENRY, Route No. 3, Adrian, Ga.

Why will women take chances with an operation or drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion, and nervous prostration. If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.